

TERROR



NO. 46

MAR.



10¢

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



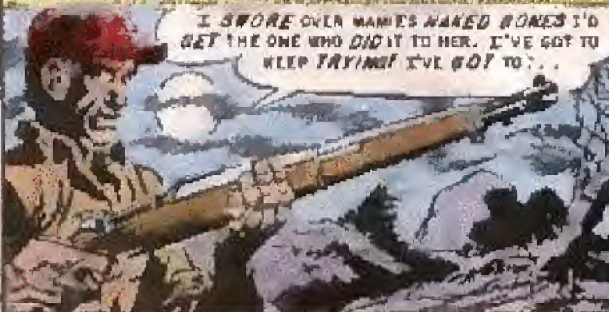
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELL, HEY! WELCOME, YOU DEAR LITTLE MORBID MONSTERS, TO MY NEW TERROR-TITLE! E.C.'S BRUESOME THREESOME IS NOW A REVOLTING FOURSOME, AS "THE CRYPT OF TERROR" JOINS WITH "THE VAULT OF HORROR," "THE HAUNT OF FEAR" AND "TALES FROM THE CRYPT" TO BRING YOU HEARING HELPINGS OF HORROR IN THE OFT-IMITATED E.C. TRADITION. I TRUST YOU'LL BE AMPLY SICKENED BY THIS LATEST COLLECTION OF CANNIBEROUS CAVORTINGS, AS OF NOW, ALL IS AT PEACE AT THE E.C. OFFICES, BUT I EXPECT TROUBLE WITH THE VAULT-KEEPER AND THE OLD WITCH REALISE THAT 2 NOW HAVE TWO MUCK-MAKES TO THEIR ONE! OH, WELL, THERE'S NO USE SLAUGHTERING YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE YOU COME TO THE BURNED BRIGGS. NO, COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR AND YOUR MOST IN HOWLS AND HEAVES, YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER WILL LAUNCH MY NEW NAUSEATING NEWSPRINT, NARGOTTING WITH THE BLOOD-CURLING, SPINE-TINGLING YELP, YARN I CALL!

UPON REFLECTION

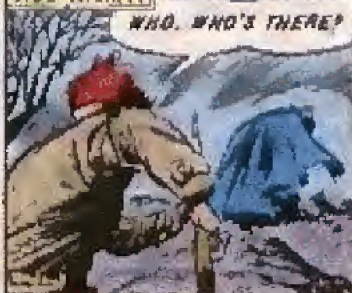


CHESTER WAYNE TRUDGED TREMENDOUSLY ALONG THE MACADAM ROAD LEADING FROM PLAINSVILLE. HIS HIGH-POWERED RIFLE WAS READY, HIS NERVOUS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER. ABOVE, A FULL ROUND MOON THREW A PALE LIGHT ON THE COUNTRYSIDE, SILHOUETTING EACH SHADY BUSH INTO AN OMINOUS CROUCHING FIGURE. AROUND HIM, EACH FAINT WHISPER OF WIND WARNED, "NO BACK! NO BACK!"



I SWORE OVER MAMIE'S NAKED BONES I'D GET THE ONE WHO DID IT TO HER. I'VE GOT TO KEEP TRYING! I'VE GOT TO!

THINKING OF MAMIE MADE CHESTER MAD AND DROVE HIM ON. HE WAS ROUNDING A TURN WHEN HE SAW IT NOT FORTY FEET AHEAD. HE STOPPED ABRUPTLY AND CALLED OUT TO THE BLACK-CLOAKED MULK IN THE SHALLOW ROAD-SIDE DITCH...



WHO. WHO'S THERE?

THE STARTLED CREATURE TURNED FROM ITS MUMMY PREY. A GLAMMY SWEAT BROKE OUT ON CHESTER WHEN HE SAW THE HARRY FACE, THE BLOOD DRIPPING FROM ITS LIPS AND CHIN...



GABBY! OH, LORD...

THE WEREWOLF BARED ITS FANGS AT THE HUNTER AND SNARLED. CHESTER DROPPED TO ONE KNEE, THREW THE RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER AND SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER. A HOLLOW-NOSED SC SHRIEKED ACROSS THE ROAD AFTER THE NON-FLEETING BEAST...



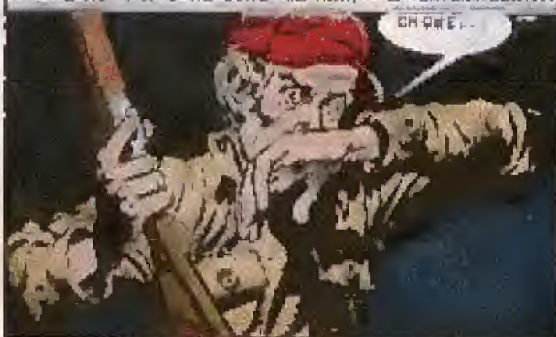
HIT HIM! FOR MAMIE! RIP HIM OPEN!

HE WAS NUMB WITH HORROR, HALF-BLIND WITH RAGE AS HE BLASTED AWAY AT THE DISAPPEARING MONSTER TILL THE MAGAZINE WAS EMPTY AND THE HAMMER CLICKED DEAD ON THE EMPTY RIFLE CHAMBER.



MISSED HIM... SOB... MAMIE! I SOO... MISSED...

LOATH TO LOOK UPON THE GORY REMAINS THAT LAY IN THE DITCH, CHESTER WAS NEVERTHELESS DRAWN TOWARD THEM AS THOUGH BY SOME MAGNET OF MORBIDITY. HE APPROACHED ON TREMBLING LEGS, LOOKED... THEN RECOILED IN HORROR AT THE SIGHT OF BARE BONE AND RAW, HALF-EATEN FLESH...



GHORE!

A GREAT VIOLENT SICKNESS WRENCHED AT CHESTER'S INWARDS... AND HE TURNED, RETCHING, AND RAN THE WHOLE WAY BACK TO PLAINSVILLE...



THE MEN IN WAILEY'S TAVERN
LEAPED TO THEIR FEET AS CHESTER
BURST THROUGH THE DOOR,
HEADED FOR THE BAR. THEY SAW
THE RIFLE AND THE LOOK ON HIS
FACE AND THEY KNEW.

WHO...WHO WAS
IT THIS TIME,
CHET?

QUICK, FRANK!
POUR ME SOME-
THIN' STRAIGHT!

CHESTER TOOK OFF A DOUBLE
BOUNCE... AND WHILE IT WAS STILL
BURNING DOWN, HE PANTED OUT THE
TERRIBLE DETAILS OF HIS HARROW-
ING EXPERIENCE...

GOD, MAN! TELL US WHO
IT WAS! WE'VE
ALL GOT
FAMILIES!

A FARMER HAS A
PLACE THREE MILES
OUT... SEEN HIM IN
TOWN... NICE GUY...
QUIET. HE'S GONNA
BE QUIET A LONG,
LONG TIME NOW...
LIKE MY MAMIE!

AT FIRST THE MEN EXCHANGED
SUITY BLANCES OF RELIEF, BUT
AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF BROODING
SILENCE, PAUL MYERS CLIMBED ONTO
A TABLE AND WHISPERED...

THAT MAKES FIVE VICTIMS IN AS
MANY MONTHS... AND WHY? AIN'T
WE PAYIN' FOR PROTECTION IN
THIS ROTTEN TOWN? ALL WE GET
FROM MAYOR HANSON IS PROMISES.
DO WE WAIT TILL THAT WEREWOLF
GRABS SOMEONE CLOSE TO US
BEFORE WE MAKE HANSON DO
SOMETHING??

IT ALREADY GOT SOMEONE
CLOSE TO ME,
PAUL! MY
WIFE, MAMIE!

THAT GIVES YOU
MORE RIGHT TO
TELL THE MAYOR
OFF, CHET. YOU LEAD
THE WAY AND WE'LL
BACK YOU UP!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, MAYOR
BLUEDOOD HANSON WAS AWAKENED BY
SHOUTS OF HIS NAME. HE LEANED
UNEASILY FROM THE BEDROOM WIN-
DOW OF HIS COLONIAL HOME AND
LOOKED DOWN AT THE ANGRY CROWD
BELOW...

PLEASE, GENTLEMEN! THEN COME
MY WIFE IS AWAKE! ON DOWN,
MAYOR!

SOON, HIS PORTLY PAJAMA-CLAD
FIGURE WRAPPED IN A SILKEN ROBE,
THE DISMAYED MAYOR OF PLAIN-
VILLE STOOD BEFORE HIS TOWN-
FELLOW, LISTENING TO THE FRIGHT-
FUL NEWS...

TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE!
I'LL SEND OFFICIAL CON-
DOLENCES TO HIS WIDOW
IN THE MORN'...

A FAT LOT OF GOOD THAT'LL
DO, MAYOR? WHAT ABOUT
THE PROTECTION YOU
PROMISED US?

WHAT CAN I DO, MR.
WAYNE? FOR ONE
THING, THIS FLESH-
AND-BLOOD ATTACK TOOK PLACE
OUTSIDE OF TOWN...
BEYOND MY JURISDI-
CTION

MY WIFE'S BODY WAS
HANGED RIGHT HERE
ON THE STREETS OF
PLAINVILLE!

WE WANT
MORE THAN
WORDS, MAYOR!

WHAT'RE
YOU GOING
TO DO
ABOUT IT,
HANSON?

MAYOR HANSON TRIED TO PACIFY THE ROILED MOB...

PLEASE, GENTLE-
MEN! NOW, MR. WAYNE, YOU SAY YOU FIRED SEVERAL SILVER BULLETS AT THIS WEREWOLF... THEY WERE SILVER BULLETS, OF COURSE!

SILVER? I DON'T GET YOU, MAYOR. I USED A GULL-ROBED... 33'S... LEAD. NOT SILVER. THEY'RE LIKE DUM-DUMS...



MAYOR HANSON WAS VERY ADEPT AT SHIFTING THE PRESSURE FROM HIMSELF...

WELL, I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN SOMEONE WOULD GO OFF HALF-COCKED! MY DEAR MR. WAYNE... IF YOU'D TAKEN THE TROUBLE TO HEAD UP ON WEREWOLVES, AS I HAVE, YOU'D KNOW THAT ONLY A SILVER BULLET CAN KILL A WEREWOLF!



THE CROWD FELL SILENT WITH EMBARRASSMENT FOR NO MAN WISHED TO ADMIT IGNORANCE TO HIS NEIGHBOR. MAYOR HANSON SMILED PATHETICALLY...

I'LL WELCOME ANYONE OF YOU TO MY LIBRARY WHO'D CARE TO INFORM HIMSELF ON THE HABITS OF THE LYCANTHROPE. MEANWHILE, MY FELLOW CITIZENS, BE CALM AND... GOOD-NIGHT...



THE MAYOR WENT BACK INTO HIS STately HOME, THE CROWD DISPERSED, AND CHESTER WAYNE JOINED PAUL MTERS AND CHICK ROGERS IN A GLOOMY SESSION AT HARLEY'S TAVERN...

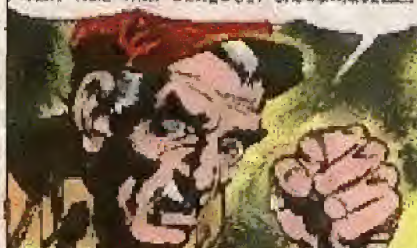
THERE NEVER WAS A MAN BETTER AT BRUININ' OUT OF A HOT SPOT THAN MAYOR HANSON!

WE'RE NO BETTER OFF THAN BEFORE WE CALLED ON HIM!



CHESTER WAYNE ANIMATED...

YES, WE ARE! WE HAVE TIME... A WHOLE MONTH BEFORE THE NEXT FULL MOON. WE CAN START MELTING DOWN SILVER COINS FOR BULLETS! WE CAN BE READY THE NEXT TIME THAT WEREWOLF SHOWS HIMSELF.



SO MANY OF THE PEOPLE OF PLAINVILLE LIVED IN DREAD OF THE COMING FULL MOON... AND THE NIGHT IT ARRIVED, EVERYONE STAYED BEHIND LOCKED DOORS AND SHUTTERED WINDOWS. ONLY CLARA HANSON, THE MAYOR'S WIFE, VENTURED OUT TO VISIT HER AGED AND AILING MOTHER...

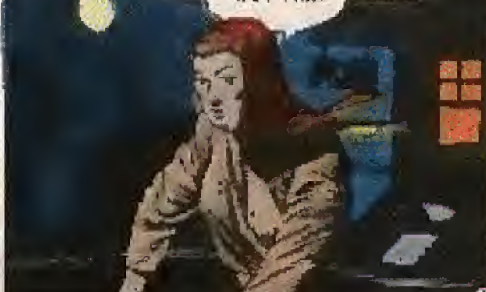
I'VE GOT TO BE HUNTING ALONG, MAMA. KIND OF WILL BE WORRYING ABOUT ME! PROMISE YOU'LL TAKE IT EASY.

WHAT ELSE COULD I DO IN THIS WHEELCHAIR, CLARA?



IT WAS JUST THREE SHORT BLOCKS FROM HER MOTHER'S HOME TO THE HANSON HOME. CLARA WALKED UNAFRAID, UNTIL SHE SAW THE FULL YELLOW MOON HANGING HIGH ABOVE THE VILLAGE SQUARE...

GULP... "THANK HEAVENS IT'S NOT FAH!"



CLARA HANSON HURRIED HER STEPS, FINDING SOME LITTLE COMFORT AS THE QUICK CLEETING OF HER HEELS ALONG THE DEBEATED SIDEWALKS KEPT TIME WITH THE RAPID BEATING OF HER POUNDING HEART. SHE'D REACHED THE SQUARE ONLY ONE BLOCK FROM HOME, WHEN SHE HEARD THE TERRIFYING SHRIEL SHE SPUN AROUND, HER BLOOD TURNING TO ICE IN HER VEINS...



HER ATTEMPTED SCREAM CAME FORTH AS NO MORE THAN AN ARITHMATIC WHEEZING SQUEAL. THE FLESH-STAINED BEAST SPURRED... SHAPING ITS GLEAMING FANGS INTO HER THROBBING THROAT... RIPPING IT OPEN... MOUNTAINING THE BLOOD OVER ITS HARRY FACE... INTO ITS RED BOWLING EYES...



WHILE JUST ACROSS THE SQUARE, IN MARLEY'S TAVERN, CHESTER WAYNE AND PAUL WIERS WERE PORTIFYING THEMSELVES AT THE BAR...



SHEEPFISHLY, THEY RICKED UP THEIR SILVER-BULLET-LOADED CARBINES AND STALKED FROM THE TAVERN, ACROSS THE SQUARE. THEY GOT NO FURTHER THAN WHERE THE BARELY SKELETON OF CLARA HANSON LAY IN A MOUL OF CONCREALING SORE, HER BLOOD SOAKED CLOTHES STERN ABOUT...



MAYOR HANSON WAS ELABORATELY TROUBLED WHEN HE FACED THE TWO WHITE-FACED MEN ACROSS HIS THRESHOLD...



THE MAYOR RECOGNIZED HIS WIFE'S CLOTHES AT ONCE, WITH MUCH LOUD WAILING AND ANGUISHED SORROW, HE FELL ACROSS HER FLESH-STRIPPED BONES...

CLARA SOB... MY CLARA

ALL THAT CARRYIN ON WON'T HELP HER NONE..

LEAVE HIM ALONE, PAUL!

AT LAST THE MAYOR AROSE AND HIS TEAR-REDDENED EYES BLAZED

THAT FILTHY KYLE THING! I'LL GET EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN IN THIS TOWN AFTER IT!

THIS TIME IT'S YOUR WIFE, AND THE SHOCK'S ON THE OTHER FOOT!

LAY OFF, WILL YOU, PAUL!

EVERY MAN WILL BE ARMED! THERE'LL BE SILVER BULLETS FOR ALL A VIGILANTE COMMITTEE, THAT'S WHAT WE'LL HAVE! WE'LL DIVIDE INTO GROUPS... COME THE COUNTRYSIDE COME THE NEXT FULL MOON WE'LL BE WAITING!

WITHIN TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS, EVERY CAPABLE MAN IN PLAINVILLE HAD RECEIVED A RIFLE AND FIVE SILVER BULLETS. EVERYONE HAD PRACTISED WITH MOVING TARGETS, EVERYONE WAS READY. THE AFTERNOON BEFORE THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON THE MEN THROUGED BEFORE MAYOR HANSON'S MANSION.

WE'LL START NOW... IN GROUPS OF SIX... IN DAYLIGHT... SO WE CAN ACQUAINT OURSELVES WITH EACH AREA! NOW, REMEMBER

...STAY CLOSE TOGETHER AND MAKE SURE OF WHAT YOU'RE SHOOTING AT! WHEN YOU SEE SOMETHING MOVE, MAKE CERTAIN IT ISN'T ONE OF YOUR OWN PARTY. PAIR UP! ONE MAN USE A LIGHT WHILE THE OTHER MAN DOES THE SHOOTING! WE DON'T WANT ANY INNOCENT PEOPLE KILLED!

IT WAS TWILIGHT WHEN MAYOR HANSON, WEARING A RED BUCKLE SHOOTING JACKET AND SCARLET PUNTER'S CAP, CLIMBED FROM HIS CAR AT THE RENDEZVOUS SPOT FOR HIS GUNBOY. CHESTER WAYNE GRINNED.

PIPE THE FANCY OUTFIT ON HIS HONOR, PAUL, YOU COULD SEE IT IN A COAL MINE AT MIDNIGHT.

SHOOTING IN THE DARK IS A DANGEROUS BUSINESS, MR. WAYNE. I'D RATHER BE SAFE THAN SORRY.

WHEN DARKNESS CAME, THE MEN WERE ALERT AND JIMMY MATT STEVENS, WITH HIS GUN ON HIS THIGH, SAW A SUSPICIOUS FIGURE, SCREAMED OUT AFTER IT, AND BEGAN SHOOTING...

CUT THAT OUT, MATT! THE MAYOR SAID TO MAKE SURE WHAT YOU'RE SHOOTING AT!

LUCKILY, MATT'S SHOTS WERE
BILK. THE FIGURE TURNED OUT TO
BE A FAMILIAR GUNK THEY ALL
KNEW WELL...

WELL, WHAT'D
YOU RUN
FOR IF YOU
AREN'T
THE WERE-
WOLF?

I AIN'T THE
BOUSED I'M
GONNA BE A
SITTIN' DUCK
WHEN SOMEONE
OPENSH UP ON
ME, MATT SHTEVENS!



MEANWHILE, MAYOR HANSON AND
HIS PARTY'D SURROUNDED A STRANGE
OLD WOMAN WALKING ALONG A
LONELY DARK ROAD...

LADY, YOU'RE TAKING
A CHANCE BEING
OUT TONIGHT!
BETTER LET US
SEE YOU HOME!

I DON'T
NEED THE
SEED HOME!
I AIN'T
SKEEHED!



PAUL MYERS STUDIED THE OLD MAN.
HOLD ON, MAYOR!
WHO SAYS THE
WEREWOLF'S
GOT TO BE A MALE?
I'VE SEEN THIS / OF A FEMALE
QUEER CAME AROUND.
I NEVER LIKED
HER LOOKS!

MAYBE YOU'VE
GOT SOMETHING
THERE, MYERS. I
HADN'T THOUGHT
OF A FEMALE
WEREWOLF!



MAYOR HANSON AND PAUL MYERS REVEALED THEIR
THEORY TO THE OTHERS OF THEIR PARTY...

WELL, NOW CAN WE
TELL IF SHE / IS THE
WEREWOLF?

WE'LL TAKE HER BACK TO MY
PLACE! I HAVE THAT BOOK!
IT TELLS HOW TO RECOGNIZE
A WEREWOLF... EVEN IN
HUMAN FORM!



CHET WYNE BRANDISHED HIS RIFLE AND SCOFFED...

AM, BUTS TO YOUR BOOK,
MAYOR. IN LESS THAN TWENTY
MINUTES, THE MOON WILL BE
FULL. THEN, IF THE OLD LADY
TURNS OUT TO BE WHAT
WE'RE AFTER, WE LET HER
HAVE IT!

... AND IF SHE DOESN'T,
THEN WE'VE WASTED
VALUABLE TIME... PERHAPS
EVEN LET THE REAL
WEREWOLF ESCAPE.



THEY MADE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE MAYOR'S CAR.
THE OLD MAN POINTED THEM AS THEY TRIED TO PUSH
HER IN. ONE EVEN BIT PAUL'S HAND...

OPEN THE DAMN
NITCH!

I AIN'T GOIN'! YOU
CAN'T MAKE ME
GO!



PAUL SOLVED THE PROBLEM. HE BRUIN HIS RIFLE-BUTT,
GLIDING THE OLD WOMAN ACROSS THE SIDE OF HER HEAD.

THIS... THIS IS KIDNAPPING!
AFTER ALL... WE STILL HAVE NO
PROOF! YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE HIT HER...

AYH, CLIMB OFF MY
BACK, MAYOR!
STEP ON IT! SHE'S
OUT COLD!



IT TOOK HIM OVER FIFTEEN MINUTES TO REACH THE MAYOR'S HOUSE IN TOWN. BY THAT TIME, THE OLD MAN HAD REVIVED.



I'LL LET THE DOOR AND COME RIGHT OUT! HOLD HER!

I STILL THINK YOU'RE CRAZY, HANSON! IN LESS THAN THREE MINUTES THE MOON WILL BE FULL... AND THEN WE'LL KNOW FOR SURE!

MAYOR HANSON HURRIED INTO THE HOUSE, STUMBLING DOWN THE DIMLY LIT HALL TO THE DARK LIBRARY. HE STOPPED SUDDENLY AS HE REACHED THE DOOR... AND STARED AT THE GLEAMING EYES BURNING IN THE BLACKNESS BEYOND.



WHAT THE...? SOMEONE'S IN THERE! IT'S... IT'S...

MAYOR HANSON MOVED FORWARD SLOWLY, HIS RIFLE READY. THEN, ALL AT ONCE, HE SAW IT... THE HARRY FACE... THE GLEAMING FANGS FLASHING FROM BEHIND THE GRINLING GUEUL MOUTH. HE SCREAMED...



IT'S THE WEREWOLF!

HE FIRED, POINT-BLANK, AGAIN AND AGAIN. THE VILE FEROCIOUS BEAST JUST STOOD THERE... SHAKING AT HIM...



MY GOD! THE SILVER BULLETS! THEY DON'T KILL HIM! I COULDN'T MISS... NOT AT THIS RANGE...

OUTSIDE, THE MEN HEARD THE SHOTS AND TOOK FOR THE HOUSE. THE MAYOR STUMBLED TO THE LIBRARY LIGHT SWITCH, FLIPPING IT ON. HE SHRIEKED AS THE BLUE FLOODS THE ROOM...



YAAAAAHHHHH!! "IN THERE! THE LIBRARY!"

IT'S THE MAYOR! HE'S PROBABLY BEING ATTACKED BY THE WEREWOLF!

MAYOR ELWOOD HANSON STOOD BEFORE THE FULL-LENGTH LIBRARY MIRROR, GRINLING AND SHRIEKING, STARRING IDIOTICALLY AT THE BULLET HOLES HE'D MADE WHEN HE'D SHOT AT HIS OWN REFLECTION.



GOOD LORD!

CHOKER!

AND THAT'S THE FIRST SCREAM-STORY IN MY NEW PUTRID PENITENTIAL, FIERCE, NATURALLY, THEY SHOT MAYOR WEREWOLF AFTER THAT. IN FACT THEY PUMPED HIM SO FULL OF SILVER BULLETS, HE HAD TO BE LOWERED INTO HIS GRAVE WITH A DEBRICK! THEN A COUPLE OF BRAVE-BODERS HEARD ABOUT THE SILVER... AND... BUT THAT'S...



ANOTHER STORY! I'LL DO THAT UP SOME OTHER TIME. NOW THE VAULT-KEEPER BRINGS WITH HIS CREEPY CONTRIBUTION TO THIS MURDER MESS. I'LL BE BACK LATER. 'BYE, NOW.

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

WELL, MEN! AND NOW THAT C.R. HAS CURDLED YOUR ANEMIC BLOOD, IT'S TIME FOR YOUR MOST IN THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE VAULT-KEEPER... NAMELY, ME... TO ENTERTAIN YOU WITH A SPINE-TINGLING, NAUSEATING NOVELLETTE FROM MY GREEK COLLECTION. LET'S SEE! OH... LET'S NOT SEE! YES! THIS IS A GOOD BORY ONE! IT'S CALLED...

BLIND ALLEYS

THE "HOME" WAS OLD AND PAINT-STARVED AND DRAFTY AND BADLY IN NEED OF REPAIR. THE ROOF LEAKED AND THE WINDOWS RATTLED AND WERE COVERED WITH YEARS OF DUST AND GRIME. THE INMATES OF THE HOME WALKED GRIM-FACED AND SILENT THROUGH CRACKED PLASTER HALLS, OR SAT IN DINGY ROOMS ON GRAMLING BEDS. THEY SHIVERED IN THE COLD WHEN WINTER CAME... WHEN THERE WAS NO STEAM TO WARM THE RUSTED RADIATORS...



...AND THEY SWEATERED IN THE HEAT WHEN SUMMER BURNED... WHEN LONG-BROKEN FANS LAY IDLE AND UNREPAIRED AND UNABLE TO WAIT A BREATH OF COOL-ING RELIEF...



BUT THEY COULD NOT SEE THE PAINT-PEELED WALLS...THE DIRTY CLOUDED WINDOWS...THE DUSTY AND COB-WEBBED HALLS OF THIS, THEIR HOME...THESE INMATES, THEY COULD NOT SEE THE ROACHES AND THE NATS SCAMPENING ACROSS THE UNWASHED FLOORS...



... AS THIS WAS A "HOME" FOR THE BLIND...FOR WRETCHED SOULS WHO LIVED IN WORLDS OF DARKNESS, WHO STARED WITH UNSEEING EYES AT THE MISERY AROUND THEM...AND YET KNEW AND HATED ALL OF IT...



FOR THE LOSS OF ONE SENSE ONLY TENDS TO SHARPEN THE OTHERS...TO FEEL THEM MORE FINELY...TO MAKE THEM MORE ACUTE. THE INMATES KNEW BECAUSE THEY COULD TASTE...AND TOUCH...AND SMELL AND HEAR, THEY COULD TASTE THE SPOILED AND ROTTED FOOD PLACED BEFORE THEM AT MEALS.



THEY COULD TOUCH THE STICKY, FILMY GOBBERS...THE DUST LAYERS COVERING EVERYTHING...



THEY COULD SMELL THE FOUL ODORS OF MILDEN AND FAULTY PLOMBING AND POOR SANITATION AND NEGLECT...



THEY COULD HEAR THE RATS SCAMPENING AND THE ROACHES CRAWLING AND THE TERMITES BURROWING AND THE LICE AND BED-BUGS AND FLIES AND A THOUSAND OTHER CREATURES OF FILTH THAT MOVED



AND THEY COULD HEAR OTHER CREATURES TOO...OTHER CREATURES OF FILTH THAT MOVED. THEY COULD HEAR MR. BRUNFELD, THE HOME'S DIRECTOR, IN HIS OFFICE-APARTMENT DOWNSTAIRS, ENTERTAINING HIS LATEST LADY-FRIEND WITH THE MONEY HE'D SAVED ON THEM...THE INMATES...



THEY COULD HEAR HIS ALMOST MANIACAL LAUGHTER AND THE CLINKING OF CHAMPAGNE GLASSES. THEY COULD SMELL THE MOUTH-WATERING ODORS OF THE LAVISH SUPPER HE WAS ENJOYING, AND THEY COULD SEE, IN THEIR MIND'S EYES, THE LUXURIES WITH WHICH HE'D SELFISHLY SURROUNDED HIMSELF AT THEIR EXPENSE...



YES, RUNNER GRIMWALD WAS INDEED SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH LUXURIES... PAID FOR WITH THE ALLOT-
MENTS GIVEN HIM FOR EACH BLIND INMATE. WHY
PAINT AND PLASTER DREARY HALLS THAT THEY'D
NEVER SEE, WHEN HE COULD HAVE AN AIR-CON-
DITIONER FOR THOSE MUSTY NO SUMMER DAYS...



WHY LAUNDER SHEETS AND BLANKETS AND
CLOTHES OF DIRT-SWEAT AND SWEAT-STAINS THAT
THEY'D NEVER SEE WHEN HE COULD HAVE A HEATER
FOR THOSE BLIND WINTER NIGHTS?

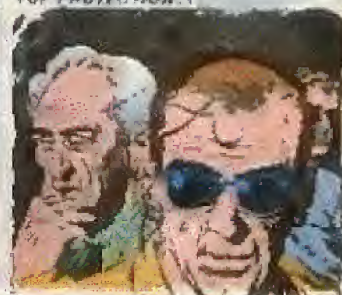


WHY GIVE THOSE POOR MISERABLE
BLIND FOOLS BEAUTY IF THEY
COULD NOT APPRECIATE BEAUTY?
RUNNER GRIMWALD FELT THAT
WAY, SO HE'D SHIMMED ON THE
INMATES... CUT CORNERS HERE...
DENIED THERE... AND WITH THE
SUPPLUS, HE'D SUPPLIED HIMSELF
WITH BEAUTY.

FINE FURNITURE... GOOD BOOKS...
PLUSH RUGS... EXPENSIVE DRAPES...
ON OCCASIONAL EVENING OF FEMALE
COMPANIONSHIP... THEY WERE
ALL RUNNER'S TO ENJOY. HE'D
EVEN BOUGHT A DOG... A VICIOUS
DOG. HE'D HAD A GOOD REASON.



FOR RUNNER'D KNOWN THAT ANOTHER
SENSE HAD REPLACED THE INMATES'
SENSE OF SIGHT... A DEEP-SEED
SENSE... BROWING EACH DAY, HE'D
SEEN IT IN THEIR WEEDED-BLIND
EYES, IN THEIR SILENT SMILE
FACES, HE'D SEEN THEIR GROWING
HATE. SO HE'D BOUGHT THE DOG
FOR PROTECTION.



AND WITH THE DOG AT HIS SIDE, RUNNER'D WALKED SELF-
CONFIDENTLY BEFORE THEM, KNOWING THAT HIS SMILE
AND THE DOG'S STRENGTH WOULD KEEP HIM FROM
HARM.



AND SO, HE'D BEEN ABLE TO CONTINUE TO ENJOY HIS
FRIENDLY LITTLE AMPLIMENTS... LIKE TRIPPING HELP-
LESS UNSUSPECTING INMATES AS THEY'D TOTTER
BLINDLY BY HIM...



...OR REMOVING SOMETHING THAT
THEY'D COME TO KNOW WAS THERE
AND COUNTED ON...



THE BARKSTER! WHERE'S
THE BA
YAAAAA. BOGHHH.

...OR ADDING SOMETHING NEW...



OWWWW!

HEN, HEN,

...OR BEING JUST MEAN...



HAN, HAN!

YES, BUNKERD ABUSED HIMSELF WITH HIS CHARLES
MABILITY TO SEE HE'D BEEN **SADISTIC** WITH HIS
TORTURES, AND HE'D SHOWN **FAT** ON HIS **GENIALS**.
AND HIS CHARLES HAD SAT IN THEIR WORLD OF DARK-
NESS AND WAITED LISTENING.



BUNKER... PLEASE! IT'S
THE DOG! HE MAKES ME
NERVOUS! I'M AFRAID
OF DOGS!

I'M SORRY, EASY!
HERE, BOY! HERE!



WAITING FOR THEIR **OPPORTUNITY**.
YOU STAY OUT THERE TILL BUNKER
IS THROUGH!

...AND TONIGHT, THEIR OPPORTUNITY CAME...



HUNNY, DOGGY? NICE, DOGGY!
HERE, DOGGY! HERE'S SOME MEAT!

SO THEY LURED THE DOG DOWN INTO THE OLD MUSTY CELLAR
OF THE HOME WITH SOME MEAT-SCRAPE THEY'D SAVED FROM
THEIR SCANT MEALS...



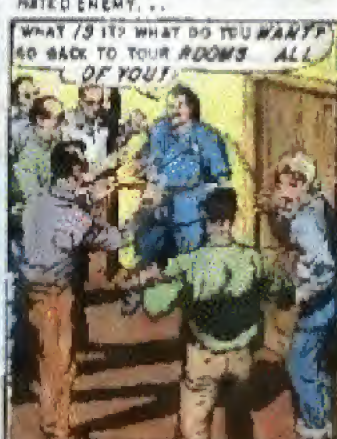
IN HERE, DOGGY!
COME, BOY!

QUICKLY! LOCK
HIM UP!

AND THEN THEY WAITED. THEY WAITED FOR GUNNER'S FRIEND OF THE EVENING TO LEAVE...

THEY WAITED FOR GUNNER TO MISS HIS DOG...

...AND THEN THEY STRUCK? BLINDLY. UNSEEKING... THEY SURROUNDED THEIR HATED ENEMY...



...AND DRAGGED HIM TO THE CELLAR TO GO... TO ANOTHER WAITING CUBICLE...

BUT GUNNER'S ONLY ANSWER WAS THE SOFT WHINE OF THE DOG IN THE SODDING CUBICLE...

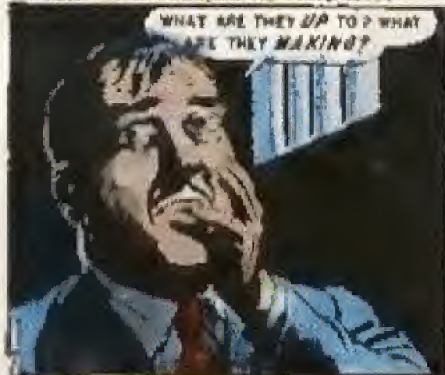


THEN THEY BEGAN TO WORK. THEY DRAGGED OUT OLD TIMBERS AND RUSTY NAILS AND ONE-HOLE Saws

AND THEY WENT THROUGH THE HOME AND CUT AND RIPPED AND CHOPPED THE LUMBER THEY NEEDED...



SUNNER LISTENED TO THE HAMMERING COMING THROUGH THE BELLAR. HE LISTENED TO THEIR SIGGLES AND CHATTER, AND HE WONDERED...



WHAT ARE THEY UP TO? WHAT ARE THEY MAKING?

AND HE LISTENED AS THE NIGHT PASSED AND DAWN CAME, AND THE DOG IN THE CURBICLE NEXT DOOR GREW HUNGRY AND PACED AND BROWLED AND SCRATCHED AS ITS STOMACH GRAINED...



FEED BRUTUS, YOU FOOL! HE'LL GET WILD IF YOU DON'T! HE'LL BE DANGEROUS!

WE KNOW, MR. GRUNWALD!

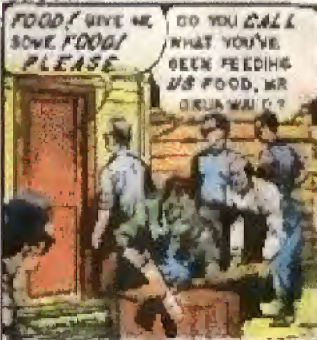
THE DAY PASSED AND NIGHT CAME AGAIN. SUNNER'S OWN STOMACH ACHED WITH HUNGER, AND STILL THEY HAMMERED AND SAWED AND LAUGHED AND TALKED...



WHAT ARE YOU MAKING? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

YOU'LL SEE, MR. GRUNWALD!

THE DOG IN THE NEXT CURBICLE HOWLED ALL THAT NIGHT Slobbering and snarling and scratching. SUNNER SHUDDERED. THE DOG WAS A BEAST, NOW... A HUNGER-CRAZED BEAST. AND THE HAMMERING WENT ON...



FOOD! GIVE ME SOME FOOD! PLEASE

DO YOU CALL WHAT YOU'VE BEEN FEEDING US FOOD, MR. GRUNWALD?

DAWN CAME AGAIN AND THE SECOND DAY PASSED. NEXT DOOR, THE DOG WAS FIGHTING WITH ITSELF, THROWING ITSELF AGAINST THE CURBICLE SIDES AND HOWLING MADLY...



BRUTUS WILL KILL ANYONE THAT SETS FOOT IN THERE NOW!

SUNNER HIMSELF WAS HALF-CRAZED WITH HUNGER AS THE THIRD NIGHT CAME. AND THEN, TOWARDS MIDNIGHT, THE HAMMERING STOPPED. THE BELLAR WAS SUDDENLY FLOODED WITH LIGHT, EVEN BRUTUS STOPPED SNARLING IN ANTICIPATION...



THEY'RE... THEY'RE OPENING MY CURBICLE...

THEY STOOD BEFORE HIM... DIRTY, SWEATED, TIRED FROM LONG HOURS OF LABOR... THE IMMIGRANTS... THE BLIND UNDERLING CARPENTERS. SUNNER GLINKED OUT AT THEM...



COME, MR. GRUNWALD! YOU ARE FREE TO GO!

FOLLOW US, MR. GRUNWALD! WE BUILT THIS JUST FOR YOU! IT LEADS TO THE CELLAR STEPS AND FREEDOM!

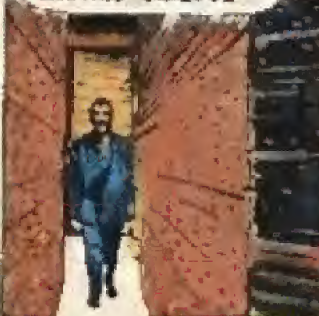
GUNNER STOOD UP AS THEY BARTED OFF. HE COULD HEAR THEIR FOOTSTEPS FADE AS THEY ROUNDED CORNERS AND RAN DOWN LONG CORRIDORS THAT TURNED AND TWISTED AND DOUBLED BACK. GUNNER STARED...



THEY... THEY BUILT A MAZE? A PUZZLE? I HAVE TO FIGURE IT OUT!

GUNNER LAUGHED TO HIMSELF AS HE STARTED OUT OF HIS CHIMNEY...

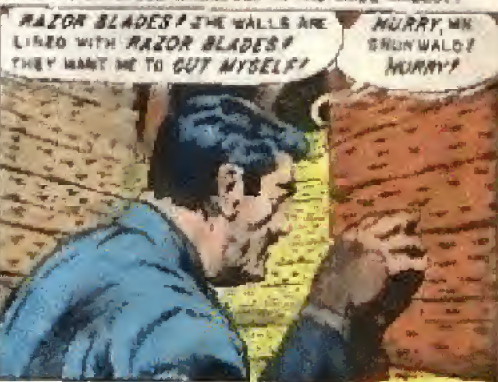
THE FOOES! IF I'M CAREFUL, IF I TAKE MY TIME... I'LL NEVER HAVE TO TOUCH THE WALLS... JUST WALK SLOWLY LIKE THIS CAREFUL



HE BUSHED AGAINST THE RAZOR BLADES, SLASHING HIS FLESH. HE STUNNED AND GOT UP... RAN ON JUMPING... WILD DOWN THROUGH THE TWISTING, DOUBLING-BACK MAZE CORRIDORS WITH THE RAZOR-LINED WALLS AND THE DOORBARS HOLDING CLOSE BEHIND.



AND THEN GUNNER SAW THE BLEAKING GLITTERING SLIVERS OF STEEL EMBEDDED IN THE MAZE WALLS...



RAZOR BLADES? THE WALLS ARE LINED WITH RAZOR BLADES? THEY WANT ME TO CUT MYSELF!

HURRY, WE SHUNWALD! HURRY!

A SOUND BEHIND GUNNER FROZE HIS BLOOD: A GRINL AND A SQUEAK OF A DOOR OPENING

BRUTUS! HUNGER-CRAZED BRUTUS? THEY'VE FREED HIM TOO!



GUNNER BEGAN TO RUN. HE HAD TO REACH FREEDOM BEFORE THAT STARVED DOG CAUGHT HIM! HE RAN DOWN THE TWISTING MAZE CORRIDORS... THE SOUND OF THE LOPIES SMILING DOG BEHIND HIM

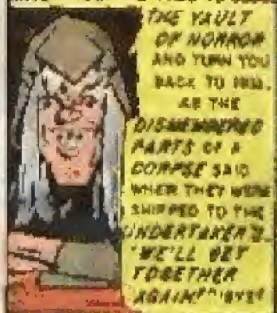
OH, LORD... LORD



AND THEN SOME LIGHT TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS



DOGS? WRONG TURN, BILLY! NOW, NOW! DON'T GO TO PIECES! AFTER ALL! IT'S ALMOST LIKE BEING BLIND! WELL, FIDDLES. THAT'S MY SICKENING STORY FOR THIS FIRST ISSUE OF G.K.'S NOW HAD! NOW IT'S TIME TO CLOSE



THE VAULT OF HORROR AND TURN YOU BACK TO ME. AS THE DISMEMBERED PARTS OF A CORPSE SAID WHEN THEY WERE SHIPPED TO THE UNDERTAKER'S 'WE'LL GET TOGETHER AGAIN!' BYEE!

GONE TO SEED

It was back-breaking work, but it *had* to be done. Right away, too. He couldn't risk hiding the body of his wife in the cellar any longer . . . one of the farm hands might accidentally stumble over the corpse and start asking mighty dangerous questions. It was urgent, Dan Gret knew, to dispose of Emily right now, in this field he was plowing for spring planting. No sense in leaving a murdered wife around for the law to find!

Dan Gret heard the farm hands chattering over in the next field . . . he'd have to bewilder 'em out about all this horsing around on his time. But at the moment he was too busy trying to gouge a hole in the ground. At first he'd been worried about the noise his shovel would make as he burrowed into the earth, but that had been taken care of without much trouble. The motor of the idling plow made so much noise that those loafers working for him wouldn't pay him any mind. And the bulk of the machine had been carefully maneuvered into place so that it acted as a shield between him and the overalled men seeding the adjoining acre. Thus, Dan Gret had resolved, was to be a *private* burial!

Dan Gret crouched low, in the shadow of the plow. By stretching out full length, he managed to tug the corpse from behind the grumbling machine and tudge it into the makeshift grave. There would be less than a foot of dirt blanketing Emily's body . . . but as soon as the hired hands got a day off he'd hurry back and dig a good deep hole to house the corpse. Within a few weeks the seeds'd be sprouting and the field would burst into furious bloom. Dan Gret grinned as he patted the last shovelful of dirt into place. Not only

was he getting rid of this devil he'd grown to hate . . . he was also helping to fertilize the coming crop!

He straightened up and surveyed his work with a critical eye. His eyes popped: one of Emily's hands was sticking up out of the soil! He lunged forward . . . and heard, with dread, the sound of voices approaching. Those buns who worked for him were coming across the field in his direction!

Dan Gret sprang toward the droning plow. If he could move the machine sideways just a few feet . . . set it directly over Emily's body . . . the danger of the noose could be averted. He turned once, to look back at the tell-tale mound . . . and his foot slid out from under him! His arms flailed the air frantically as he tried to regain his balance: his hand crashed sharply against the gear lever. The plow started immediately to swing in a tumbling circle, because of the way he had cramped the steering wheel. In motionless horror he saw the glittering blades bearing down on him!

Dan Gret screeched in alarm. Then the razor-sharp metal slashed through his flesh . . . the ponderous steel crunched over his writhing body . . . the huge wheels groaned over him so that he was drenched in his own gushing blood!

By the time the farm hands reached him, Dan Gret was slashed almost beyond recognition. With gaping wonder the hired men stared down at Dan Gret's corpse . . . buried alongside that of his wife Emily, in the gory, blood-spattered grave. It was a real family plot!

A vibrant, cartoonish illustration of a pirate crew on a beach. In the center, a large, jovial pirate captain with a skull and crossbones on his chest and a red sash stands prominently. To his left, a man in a blue shirt and yellow pants is running. In the foreground, a man in a red bandana is kneeling, and another man is sitting on the sand. To the right, a man in a red shirt and blue pants is standing. A skull and crossbones flag is visible in the background. The scene is set on a sandy beach with a green hill in the background.

PIRACY

BUT IF YOU CAN'T FIND *PIRACY* AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER WITH ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF CEMENT (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LAND-LUBBERS!). TO:

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____

A POINT OF ORDER! IF YOU'RE EXPECTING E.C.'S NEWEST HORROR MAG TO BE BETTER THAN TALES FROM THE CRYPT, THE VAULT OF HORROR, AND THE HAUNT OF FEAR, YOU'LL BE SADLY DISAPPOINTED! IT'S ONLY JUST AS GOOD!



INVESTIGATE YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND FOR THE FIRST "JUST AS GOOD" ISSUE! HOWEVER IF YOU'RE TIED UP WITH RED TAPE (ADHESIVE, THAT IS!) AND YOU'D RATHER SUBSCRIBE, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IN, TOGETHER WITH AN UNDOCTORED PHOTO OF GEORGE WASHINGTON ON A \$1.00 BILL YOU'LL RECEIVE 6 UNCROPPED ISSUES IN THE MAIL.

THE CRYPT-KEEPER
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

HERE'S MY BUCK SEND ME THE NEXT 6 ISSUES OF YOUR NEWEST MAG, THE CRYPT OF TERROR.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ PHONE NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

HERE'S HOW ONE FAILURE TURNED HIS MISERABLE LIFE INTO A HORRIBLE...

SUCCESS STORY



THE POLICE SURGEON INSERTED THE HOLLOW NEEDLE INTO ELMER'S ARM AND SECONDLY LATER THE SODIUM PENTOTHAL SOLUTION WAS FLOWING INTO HIS BLOODSTREAM TAKING ITS EFFECT. ELMER'S SKULL MANIACAL LAUGHTER FADED INTO A WHEEZING RASE. THE MAD FURY OF HIS CONVULSIVE STRUGGLING SUBSIDED INTO HELPLESS EXHAUSTION. THE THREE BRANNY POLICEMEN RELAXED THEIR HOLD THEN, AND MOPPED THEIR SWEAT-BEADED BROWS. ELMER PRESTON SLUMPED LIMPLY ON THE SHABBY SOFA, HIS FLACCID FACE GRAYED TO A YELLOW-GREENISH HUE. HIS USUALLY SOFT, LIONING-BROWN EYES WERE SLAZED AND STARRING HOLE. HE STARTED TO SPEAK, WITHOUT EMOTION IN A QUIVERING MONOTONE...



I'M GLAD I DID IT! IT...IT **HAD** TO BE THIS WAY. DON'T YOU SEE?

NO, MR. PRESTON, WE **DON'T** WANT YOU BETTER TELL US ABOUT IT!

ELMER'S FACE TOOK ON A THOUGHTFUL EXPRESSION AND HIS EYES SHADED OVER WITH A Distant LOOK, HAUNTED WITH MEMORIES OF THE PAST. HE BLED DEEPLY, THEN SPOKE AGAIN IN A COLORLESS DRONING VOICE.

I...I WAS ALWAYS A **TIMID** MAN, IT'S NOT **GOOD** FOR A MAN TO BE **TIMID**... ESPECIALLY A **MARRIED** MAN. ESPECIALLY A MAN MARRIED TO A **WOMAN** LIKE **IDA**?

MAKES WE COULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY TOGETHER IN OUR LITTLE SPARTMENT... IDA AND I... BUT ONE EVENING HER FOLKS CAME TO DINNER. HER FATHER WAS ALL TENSE, BURNING WITH NERVS THAT HE FINALLY EXPLODED ON ME AT DESSERT...

ELMER, YOU MUST BE A **WONDERING** HOW COME WIN AND I DON'T **GIVE** YOU TWO A **WEDDING** GET?

WHY, NO, MR. WALLACE I NEVER...



Joe Chiodo

SURE YOU WONDERED? WELL, SON... WE'VE GOT A SURPRISE! WE'RE GIVING YOU A START ON A HOME OF YOUR OWN! ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A DOWN PAYMENT...

ONE THOUS. WHY, MR. WALLACE? I CAN HARDLY KNOW WHAT TO SAY...

"I SHOULD HAVE SAID, 'NO THANK YOU', BUT I SAW NO MODER THAT AT THE MOMENT. AND WHEN ELMER GOOD WILL, MR. WALLACE OFFERED ME HIS HAND, I CLAPPED IT GRATEFULLY."

JUST BE GOOD TO MY DAUGHTER, ELMER... AND BE HAPPY TOGETHER!

THANK YOU, SIR...

"NOW THAT I THINK BACK, IT SEEMS THAT IOA MUST HAVE KNOWN ALL THE TIME. BUT THAT NIGHT SHE RAN TO HER FATHER, THREW HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK, AND WEPT FOR JOY..."

OH, DADDY! DADDY, IT'S WORTH ANY SACRIFICE TO GIVE YOU AND ELMER OUR CHILDREN A PROPER START!

"FOR AN ECSTATIC TWO WEEKS, IOA AND I HOUSE HUNTED. WE FOUND THIS PLACE... SMALL, COMFORTABLE, A DREAM COTTAGE. THE DOWN PAYMENTS FURNISHING THE PLACE EMPTIED MY BANK ACCOUNT, BUT I WAS DELIGHTFULLY HAPPY. THE SUNDAY AFTER WE MOVED IN, THE WALLACES CAME TO SEE OUR NEST..."

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MR. WALLACE...

YOU REMEMBER I SAID MR. AND THE I WERE MAKING A SACRIFICE TO HELP YOU GET STARTED IN YOUR OWN HOME, ELMER...

THE POINT, HEMBERT? GET TO THE POINT!

THE POINT IS, ELMER, WE HAD TO GO INTO HOCK TO GET THAT THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR TOLL AND THEN MY BUSINESS BLOWED DOWN, AND, RIGHT NOW... WHAT WITH WHAT I OWE... I... I...

WELL, WE'RE HAVING TROUBLE MAKING ENDS MEET, ELMER!

"I WAS BEING TAKEN FOR A WELL-PLANNED RIDE... AND MY LOVING WIFE HAD THE STEERING WHEEL IN HER OWN LITTLE CLUTCHING HANDS..."

WE CAN'T LET MOTHER AND DADDY SUFFER. NOT AFTER ALL THEY'VE DONE FOR US, CAN WE, DEARY? TELL THEM THEY'RE WELCOME TO SHARE WHAT WE HAVE UNTIL THINGS ARE BETTER. TELL THEM!

MUM... UM... THAT'S... THAT'S RIGHT! OF COURSE!

"THAT WAS THE FINEST FAINT RUMBLING OF THE TEMPEST YET TO COME. THE WALLACES SAWE UP THEIR APARTMENT AND MOVED IN WITH US. IOA WAS A MOST GENEROUS DAUGHTER..."

RIGHT IN HERE, MOTHER AND DADDY! WE'LL LET THEM HAVE OUR ROOM, ELMER. IT'S OLDER TO THE BATHROOM, AND SINCE IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY...

"TEMPORARY, SHE SAID" BUT BEFORE I KNEW IT, THEY'D BEEN THERE FIVE WEEKS. I COULD JUST ABOUT MANAGE TO MEET MY BILLS, IF THERE WEREN'T OTHER DEMANDS ON MY SMALL INCOME.

"BUT, I CAN'T AFFORD A T.V. SET, MR. WALLACE... NOT EVEN A SMALL-SCREEN SET!"

"THAT'S GRATITUDE! I GIVE YOU \$1000 FOR A HOME, AND YOU EXPECT ME TO FURNISH IT, TOO?"



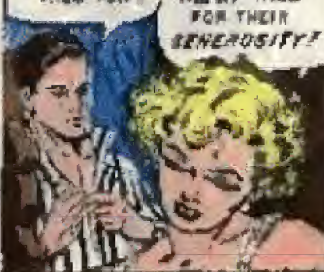
"AFTER MR. WALLACE GOT HIS T.V. SET, ~~IDA~~ WALLACE HAD A REQUEST."

"YOU'LL SEE, ELMER, WITH WHAT YOU SAVE ON LAUNDRY FOR THE FOUR OF US, THIS WASHING MACHINE WILL PAY FOR ITSELF!"



"MONTHS WENT BY, MY BURDEN GREW AND WEIGHED UPON ME LIKE A MILLSTONE. ONE DAY I FOUND THE COURAGE TO TALK TO IDA..."

"I LIKE YOUR POLKS, IDA, BUT I CAN'T GO ON SUPPORTING THEM FOR..."



"SUPPORTING!?" AFTER WHAT THEY'VE DONE! WHAT A LOATHSOME WAY TO REAP THEM FOR THEIR GENEROSITY!"

"THE CORNERS OF IDA'S MOUTH DROOPED, AND HER EYES WERE COLD AND HARD... PIERCING ME THROUGH AS SHE SPOKE..."

"YOU'RE BLAMING MOTHER AND DADDY BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT A GOOD PROVIDER. YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW IT, ELMER, I'M NOT SATISFIED... NOT AT ALL SATISFIED. I THOUGHT YOU HAD AMBITION! I THOUGHT YOU'D GO PLACES... GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD. INSTEAD, YOU'RE STUCK IN A POOR PAYING JOB."



IDA SPOKE BITTERLY AND LOFTLY...LOUD ENOUGH FOR HER PARENTS TO HEAR. THEY ACCEPTED IT AS AN INVITATION TO JOIN HER FIERCE MARAHDGE.

"SOMETIMES I WISH IDA HADN'T. WELL, I'D BETTER NOT SAY WHAT I'M THINKING!"

"I THOUGHT YOU HAD BORN SON? I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO GET AHEAD!"



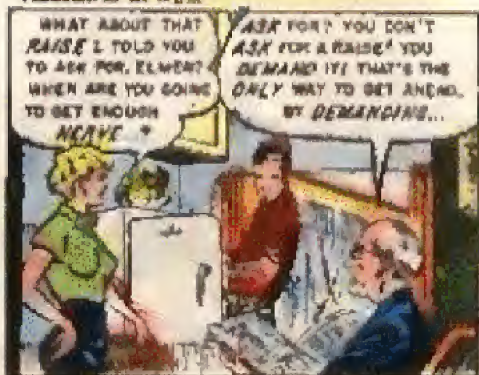
"DRIVEN MORE BY DESPERATION AND DIRT THAN BY THEIR SCORN, I FINALLY GATHERED THE COURAGE TO ASK MY BOSS, MR. BENTLY, FOR A RAISE. BUT THE MINUTE I ENTERED HIS PLUSH OFFICE..."

"I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR WORK, PRESTON. YOU'VE BEEN GETTING CARELESS LATELY. SLOPPY... VERY SLOPPY!"



"I... I DIDN'T REALIZE, MR. BENTLY, I'M SORRY, BUT I'LL DO BETTER IN THE FUTURE! I PROMISE!"

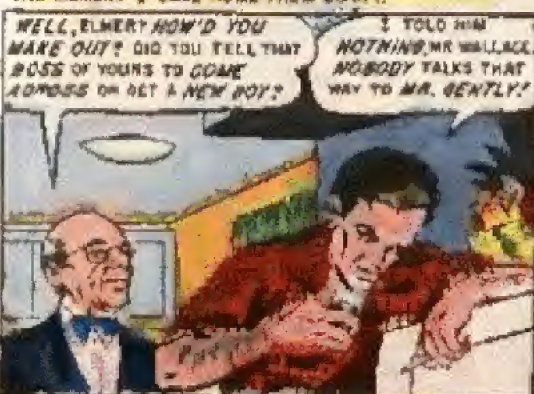
'I HAD UNCOVERED A GEM BY COMPLAINING AGAINST IDA'S FOLKS, AND FROM THAT DAY ON, A SPITEFUL TORRENT OF CRITICISM POURED THROUGH THE FLOODGATES AT ME...



WHAT ABOUT THAT RAISE I TOLD YOU TO ASK FOR, ELMER? WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET ENOUGH NERVE?

ASK FOR? YOU DON'T ASK FOR A RAISE? YOU DEMAND IT! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET AHEAD. BY DEMANDING...

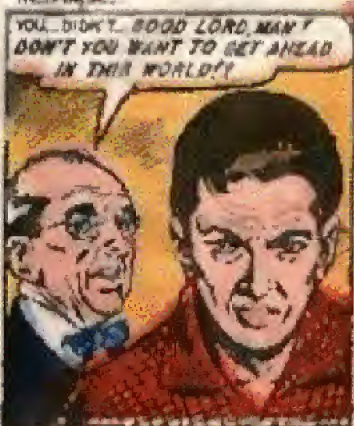
'HOW COULD I TELL THEM MR BENTLY HAD MORE THAN REFUSED ME A RAISE? THEY SAVE ME NO PEACE, FROM THE MOMENT I CAME HOME FROM WORK...



WELL, ELMER! HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT? DID YOU TELL THAT BOSS OF YOUNG'S TO COME AROUND ON GET A NEW BOY?

I TOLD HIM NOTHING, MR WALLACE. NOBODY TALKS THAT WAY TO MR. BENTLY!

'...AND IT'S ALWAYS GET THE SAME RESPONSE...



YOU DIDN'T. GOOD LORD, MAN! YOU DON'T WANT TO GET AHEAD IN THIS WORLD?!

'EVERY MEAL BECAME A NIGHT-MARE, FROM THE TIME I'D SIT DOWN...



YOU'RE A FAILURE, ELMER! I CAN'T STAND A FAILURE!

ALL MY LIFE I FOUGHT TO GET AHEAD...

'I'D FORCE MYSELF TO EAT, AND THE TASTELESS FOOD WOULD SOUR ON THE WAY DOWN...



DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH, MERRICK! YOU CAN'T TURN A JELLY-FISH INTO A TIGER SHARK, I ALWAYS SAY!

'SUDDENLY THERE'D BE A VIOLENT CHURNING IN THE PIT OF MY STOMACH AND TO HAVE TO RUN FROM THE ROOM...



GO ON! RUN! IF I WERE IN YOUR SHOES, I WOULDN'T WANT TO HEAR THE TRUTH ABOUT MYSELF, EITHER!

GEE? YOU TRY TO TELL HIM SOMETHING FOR HIS OWN GOOD AND HE RUNS OFF IN A HUFF! HE'S INSULTED!

GARB! MERRICK!

'I MAKE IT TO THE BATHROOM MOST OF THE TIME... AND ALL BUT NERVE UP MY INSIDES...



YOU MARRIED A REAL LEMON, IDA!

HE'LL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING!

CHOKER...

'NOW DID THE TORMENT STOP WHEN WE WENT TO BED. IDA WOULD HAD ME TELL SHE WAS HOARSE, AND I'D COVER MY HEAD WITH MY PILLOW, BUT I'D STILL HEAR.'

ONLY SIXTY-SEVEN MISERABLE DOLLARS A WEEK... IN THESE DAYS, I'M ASHAMED FOR MOTHER AND DADDY TO KNOW... BUT OF COURSE THEY DO KNOW. THEY KNOW THE KIND OF CLOTHES I WEAR... THEY SEE THE FURNITURE... THREADBARE... JUNK!

PLEASE... IDA! IT'S LATE.

SO THE MONTHS DRAGGED INTO YEARS AND THE WALLACER STAYED ON WITH US... NABBSING ME... HOARSELY... COMPLAINING... ALWAYS COMPLAINING...

YOU REMEMBER WHEN YOU BOUGHT THAT WASHING MACHINE? I TOLD YOU IT DIDN'T PAY TO BUY ONE! WELL, IT'S READY FOR THE JUNKHEAP!

IT WON'T GET LONELY THERE, BELIEVE ME. IT'LL HAVE THAT STINKING TWELVE-INCH-SCREEN T.V. SET FOR COMPANY.

'WHEN IDA HEARS ALL I COULD STAND, I'D HURRY FROM THE LIVING ROOM.'

NEVER MIND, MOTHER! FROM NOW ON, I'LL DO THE BUYING! WE CAN'T AFFORD MUCH, MAYBE, BUT WHAT WE DO GET WILL BE THE BEST!

'EVER A LOCKED DOOR HAD NO GUARANTEE OF PRIVACY.'

ARE YOU GOING TO STAY IN THERE ALL NIGHT, ELMER? LISTEN... ABOUT THE T.V. SET! I WAS DOWNTOWN TODAY, TALKING TO A DEALER ABOUT A TRADE-IN ON A LARGER SCREEN, AND...

'I WAS TOO TIMID TO ADMIT IT TO MYSELF THEN, BUT I'D COME TO HATE IDA AND HER MOTHER AND FATHER. I'D BE SHAVING IN THE MORNING AND MY WIFE WOULD COME IN AND THE DAY'S WASHING WOULD BEGIN...'

I DON'T SEE WHY DADDY SHOULD HAVE TO KEEP FOUNDRING IT INTO YOU! YOU SHOULD WANT TO GET AHEAD YOURSELF, ELMER.

I KNOW, DEAR.

'THIS MORNING, AS ALWAYS, WE SAT AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE AND I LISTENED TO THEM TALKING... TALKING... AND NEARBY, THE STORM GATHERED... I COULD HEAR IT RUMBLING...'

A MAN WITHOUT AMBITION IS A WALKING CORPSE, ELMER! I KNOW I'M REPEATING MYSELF, BUT TRY TO BE A SUCCESS. TRY, ELMER. ELMER? YOU LISTENING?

NUH! OH, YES! YES, I'LL TRY!

'AND TODAY, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, I DIDN'T GO TO WORK. I WANDERED AROUND THE STREETS, WONDERING WHAT WAS WRONG WITH ME, LISTENING TO THE STORM THUNDERING IN THE DISTANCE, COMING CLOSER... CLOSER... READY TO BREAK AT ANY MOMENT...'

WHY DON'T I GET AHEAD? EVERYBODY ELSE DOES! I'VE GOT TO! I'VE... MEN... MEN... I'VE... EH... EH...



"WHEN I GOT HOME THAT NIGHT, LATE FOR DINNER, THEY JUST STARED AT ME. IDA AND MR. WALLACE AND MRS. WALLACE. THE STORM RUMBLER AROUND... THREATENING... THREATENING TO BREAK... THERE, IN MY THROBBING HEAD... AND I JUST STARTED BACK AT THEM..."



WELL!

IT'S ABOUT TIME!

WHERE WERE YOU TODAY? MR. BENTLY CALLED?

"THEN, SUDDENLY, THE STORM TORE LOOSE... HOWLING, SCREAMING-BLACK AROUND ME... THUNDERING... WILD TEMPEST-FURY AND ABOVE THE STORM, THEIR VOICES... THEIR NASTY VOICES..."

IS THAT THE WAY TO TRY TO GET AHEAD... STAY HOME FROM WORK?

YOU SAID YOU'D TRY TO GET AHEAD, ELMER!

WHY CAN'T YOU GET AHEAD, ELMER?



"I RAN OUT... BUT NOT TO THE BATHROOM THIS TIME. I RAN TO THE KITCHEN... THROUGH THE RAGING STORM. I CAME BACK WITH THE MEAT CLEAVER..."

"THE STORM SHRIEKED IN MY BRAIN. WHITE BLINDING LIGHTNING FLASHES EXPLODED. THE BLACK FURY TURNED RED. RED... SPURTING RED AS I CHARGED THE CLEAVER..."

ELMER PRESTON STARED STRAIGHT AHEAD, SMILING. THE WILD GLEAM RETURNED TO HIS EYES, AND HE CHURLED OUT MORE WORDS BETWEEN SHORT, HIGH-PITCHED BURSTS OF LAUGHTER...



ELMER!



ELMER!

YAAAAAH!



SO YOU SEE, I... EH, EH... DID GET AHEAD... EH, EH... AFTER ALL!

AND SLOWLY, THE POLICEMEN FOLLOWED ELMER'S WILD GAZE TO THE DINNER TABLE... TO THE MEAT PLACE SETTINGS... AND THE PLATES WITH THEIR HARROWING PAIN STARING BACK AT THEM...

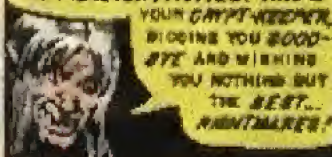


I... EH, EH... I NOT ONLY GOT A HEAD... I... EH, EH... I GOT THREE HEADS!

YEAH, PRESTON! CHOKED... WE SEE...

YOU WERE A REAL SUGGEST, PRESTON!

WELL, MEN. A TRIPLE HEADER, EH, RICHEST? SO, IDA AND HER FOLKS DROVE ELMER BATS, BUT THEY WENT OUT ON STRIKES... IN ONE, TWO, THREE ORDER... ALL RIGHT OVER THE PLATE. WELL, THE GAME'S OVER NOW. CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF MENTAL STORM! AND YOU WHO I WILL TAKE A ABIN-CHUCK TILL NEXT WE MEET. NOW YOU LIVED MY NEW WAY. NOW THE OLD WITCH AWAITS TO BIND UP THE FIENDISH ACTIVITIES. THIS IS YOUR GAYPT-KEEPER, BIDDING YOU GOOD-BYE AND WISHING YOU NOTHING BUT THE BEST... NIGHTMARE'S!



THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! AND NOW IT'S WIND-UP SPOT IN C.K.'S NEW CREEPS COMIC, AND YOUR SHIVER-CHIEF, THE OLD WITCH, IS READY TO STIR UP HER CHUDDY CAULDRON AND LAKE OUT A LURID LITERARY LUNCHEON. THIS TASTY TALE OF TERROR-TREMORS IS TOLD BY ONE TONY BARRETT. LISTEN, NOW, AS HE GRIPS OUT THE DELIRIUM DISH HE CALLS...

TATTER UP!



DEARLY

MET I'M TONY BARRETT. I'M NOT A BAD-LOOKIN' FUX. I'M YOUNG, TOO. THIRTY-FOUR. OKAY, SO NOW COME I COULD SIT AROUND ON A ROT-REEKIN' COUTH, HOLDIN' HANDS WITH A SHAGGLE-TOOTHED HAG NAMED FANNY OGDEN? *HOW COME I COULD STAND THE MILDEN-YELLOWED WALL PAPERS... THE CRACKED GELIMES... THE WHOLE HOUSE STINKIN' LIKE THE BORD OF A DUE-UP COFFIN...* AND THE STINK OF FANNY HERSELF? YEAH, *THAT'S RIGHT! YOU EAT THE PICTURE! FANNY, OGDEN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE LOADED!*

I... I BEEN MEARN' T' ASK YOU, FANNY. I JUS' DON'T KNOW NOW! Y... I BEEN MEARN' T' ASK YOU IF YOU'LL MARRY ME!

OH, TONY! I'VE BEEN PRAYING YOU'D ASK ME... DREAMING OF IT... BUT NEVER REALLY BELIEVING YOU WOULD! OH, YES, TONY! YES! I WILL MARRY YOU!

SURE I WANTED THAT WOODSOME WITCH FOR A WIFE. I WANTED TO MARRY THE HUNDRED THOUSAND FORTUNE I'D HEARD ABOUT... THE DOUGH HER FIRST HUSBAND HAD LEFT HER. THE MISERABLE MISEN WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE EVERY LAST CENT OF IT. *MR. THERE...* IN THAT FOUL-SMELLIN' FILTHY HOUSE...

THEN I GUESS... OH, NO! THIS CALLS FOR A KISS!

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE SEEN KISSED, TONY!



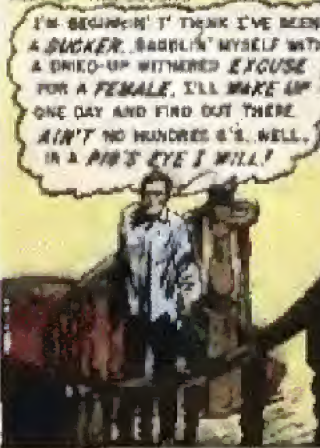
WELL, I'LL SKIP THE DISASTROUS DETAILS EXCEPT TO SAY THAT FANNY BECAME MRS. TONY BARRETT, AND I STARTED HITTING THE BOTTLE TO BRACE MYSELF AGAINST LYING WITH HER...



TROUBLE WITH DRINKIN' WAS IT USED TO GET ME DOWN, I'D WORRY... I'D WORRY REAL BAD...



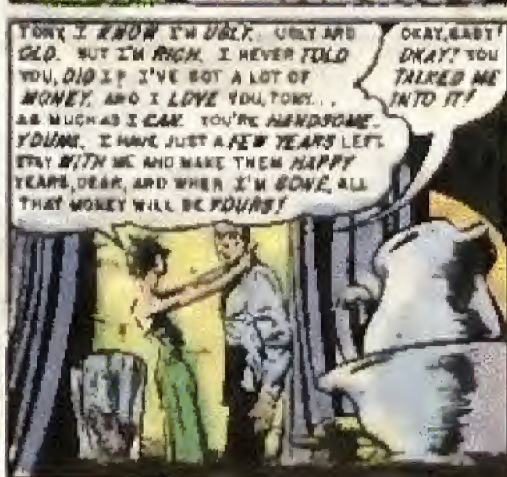
AFTER THE FIRST TWO WEEKS, I GOT REAL DISGUSTED. THERE WAS NO KINK OF THE DOUGH...



SO I WENT UP INTO THE BEDROOM WHERE FANNY SAT WITH THAT STRANGELY WOP OF HERE UP IN CURLERS. BUT I DIDN'T LOOK AT FANNY TWICE. I HEADED FOR THE CLOSER... FOR MY SUITCASE...



I BOUNCED MY SUITCASE ONTO THE BED AND YOBSED MY CLOTHES INTO IT. MY BRIDE JUMPED UP LIKE A BEE'D STUNG HER, AND SHE THREW HER BONEY ARMS AROUND ME...



WELL, IT TURNED OUT THERE WAS MONEY AFTER ALL. THE GUY'D BEEN RIGHT. SO I DID MY BEST TO MAKE FANNY HAPPY. I STAYED. BUT I WONDERED WHAT SHE LIVED ON, IF SHE NEVER SPENT ANY OF HER DOUGH. AND ONE DAY, I FOUND OUT...



I TURNED THAT MATT UPSIDE DOWN BUT IT WAS NO SOAP. I GIDN'T FIND A THING!!

IT'S GOT TO BE IN THE HOUSE SOMEWHERE! YOU JUST DON'T HIDE A HUNDRED GRAND IN A HOUSEHOLE! I'LL FIND IT!!

TONY!
WHERE ARE YOU, TONY?



IT WAS FANNIE...CALLIN' ME. I WENT DOWN AND GOT NAUSEOUS LOOKIN' AT HER...THAT PATCHED AND PAGED DRESS...THE TWO DIFFERENT COLORED COTTON STOCKING'S...AND ON HER FEET...NO KIDDIN'! SNEAKERS. SHE HAD A BIRTY SACK STUFFED FULL OVER HER SHOULDER...

LOOKS LIKE HUNTER WAS PRETTY GOOD TODAY, FANNY. HOW MUCH YOU GOT EIGHT DUCKS WORTH, NAHRE TEN?

WHERE WERE YOU TONY?



I COULDN'T STAND THE MESS AROUND THIS HOUSE ANY MORE, SO I STARTED CLEANIN' UP...IN THE ATTIC.

IN THE ATTIC? OH, WELL. THAT'S NICE.



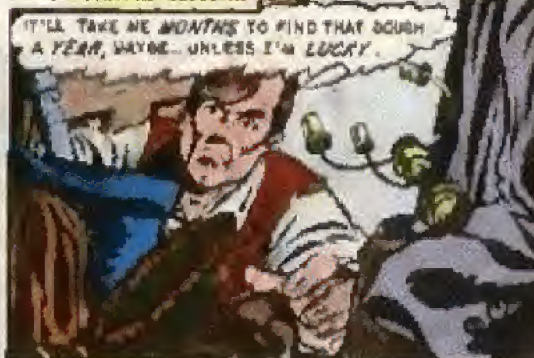
FANNY DIDN'T SEEM DISTURBED ABOUT ME NOSIN AROUND UP IN THE ATTIC, SO I FIGURED THAT'S NOT WHERE THE HUNDRED \$'S WAS STASHED AWAY. I WAS ALL ON SORE WAITIN FOR HER TO GO OUT AGAIN, SO'S I COULD START LOOKIN' SOMEWHERE ELSE, BUT FIRST THE BARMAN TURNED UP.

I COULD SWEAR HE'S THE SAME GUY THAT TOLD ME ABOUT FANNY.

SUCH NICE RAGS, MRS. BARRETT. SUCH BEAUTIFUL RAGS.



FINALLY FANNY LEFT WITH HER MASSACK AND I WENT TO WORK ON ONE OF THE UPSTAIRS ROOMS, FEELIN' THROUGH BATTERED NOTH-EATEN FURNITURE, FLOWIN' THROUGH THE TRASH-STUFFED CLOSET...



AFTER A WHILE I GOT MAD AND RIPPED OPEN THE MATTRESS ON THE OLD BRASS BED. I WAS SO BUSY, I DIDN'T HEAR FANNY SNEAK UPSTAIRS AND CREEP INTO THE ROOM LIKE A SCRAWNY OLD CAT. BUT SUD-DENTLY I FELT HER THERE.

FANNY, I...

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE STILL CLEANING UP, TONY.



I COULD TELL SHE KNEW WHAT I WAS UP TO, 'CAUSE SHE HAD A SMILE INSIDE THAT BLUNTED THROUGH HER EYER. SHE WAS LAUGHIN' IN HER GUTS 'CAUSE I COULDN'T FIND HER HOUND AND IT MADE ME MAD...

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I'M DOIN'...CLEANIN' UP THIS FILTHY PESTIVE! MAYBE YOU DON'T LIKE THAT.

I SAID I'M GLAD, HONEY.



THAT'S HOW IT WENT FOR WEEKS, EVERY DAY THAT RAHMAN CAKE AND GOT PRACTICALLY DELIRIOUS OVER SOME FOUL RAGS MY WIFE SOLD HIM



LOVELY... ABSOLUTELY LOVELY. MRS. BARRETT.

AND EVERY DAY, AFTER SHE WENT OUT BORDUNGIN' THROUGH LORD-KNOWS-WHAT TRASH FOR RAGS, I PLUNGED INTO MY TREASURE HUNT...



I GOTTA FIND IT SOON! I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! EVERY MINUTE I STAY IS FINE DUTTA MY LIFE WORSE! IT'S TORTURE!

AND SHE'D COME BACK...KNOWIN' WHAT I WAS UP TO, BUT I DIDN'T GIVE A HANG EXCEPT THAT SHE WAS ALL THE TIME LAUGHIN' AT ME AND I'D GET ALL CHOKED UP WITH NATE FOR HER...



YOU MEN ARE ALL ALIKE. WHEN YOU TRY TO TIDY UP A HOUSE, IT LOOKS WORSE THAN WHEN YOU STARTED...

FINALLY I COULDN'T TAKE IT NO MORE, I COULDN'T STAND FANNIE GIVIN' ME THE HORSE-LAUREL. I COULDN'T STAND LOOKIN' AT HER. SO ONE DAY, I WENT DOWN THE CELLAR AND STARTED DIGGIN'... BUT NOT FOR HER MONEY.



NOW, LET HER COME DOWN HERE! JUST LET HER COME.

AND WHEN SHE GOT HOME THAT DAY, I LISTENED TO HER CALL ME, BUT I DIDN'T ANSWER. I MADE SOME NOISE AND WAITED...



WHY, TONY? HOW CLEVER! YOU'RE GOING TO BURY ALL THE OLD TRASH INSTEAD OF HAVING TO CARRY IT OUTSIDE.

AM, COME OFF IT, BABY! YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M DOIN'!

FANNIE LOOKED AT ME REAL COLD LIKE AND WHISPERED SARCASTICALLY...



OF COURSE! YOU'RE DIGGIN' FOR TREASURE, A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR TREASURE!

WRONG AGAIN! I'M DIGGIN' A GRAVE! YOUR GRAVE!

FANNY COULD SEE BY MY FACE I WAS LEVELIN'. IT WAS LIKE SHE'D NEVER EXPECTED THIS TURN OF EVENTS. SHE LET OUT A LITTLE ROARL AND STARTED TO RUN. I BRUNG THE PICK HARD...



GGGGGHHHH!

THE PICK LOCKER HER DEEP IN HER BACK AND SHE HIT THE CELLAR FLOOR LIKE AN OLD LADY. THEN I WENT TO WORK ON THAT FACE... THAT AWFUL DIRTY FACE, IT WAS JUST SOMETHIN' I HAD TO DO. LIKE I WAS GETTIN' EVEN FOR HARRY. DESRAGED MYSELF BY HAVIN' LOVE TO IT ALL THOSE MONTHS...



UH... UHHH... UHHH...

I WAS DOB-TIMEO FROM WHAT I'D DONE SO I HIT THE BAY EARLY THAT NIGHT AND SLEPT UNTIL I HEARD A BELLIN ON THE FRONT DOOR. IT WAS THE RAGMAN...



LOOK, PAL, MY WIFE TOOK OFF ON A LONG TRIP. SHE WON'T BE BACK FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS. COME BACK THEN, HUH?

CAN'T YOU SELL ME SOME RAGS?

I WAS READY TO BLAM THE DOOR IN HIS FACE BUT, JUST TO GET RID OF THE PEST, I CHANGED DOWN SOME OLD COATS. THEM A' GOOD, HE DIDN'T SEEM HAPPY WITH THEM...



THESE AREN'T VERY NICE RAGS, MR. BARNETT. I CAN'T PAY YOU MUCH FOR THEM...

FORGET IT, PAL! TAKE 'EM... AS A GIFT! NOW, GO AWAY AND DON'T BOTHER ME!

I SPENT DAYS COMBIN' THROUGH THE REST OF THE HOUSE. I EVEN TORE UP THE KITCHEN, SMASHED ABOUT THE FLOOR, THE KITCHEN... IT WAS GETTIN' ME DOWN...



IT'S GOT TO BE HERE... SOMEWHERE! IT'S GOT TO! I CAN'T GIVE! I CAN'T...

AME TO TOP IT ALL OFF, THAT CRUMMY CREEP KEPT COMBIN' BACK, TILL THIS MORNING, I FLIPPED MY LID...



I'VE BEEN OVER THIS DUMP FROM ATTIC TO CELLAR! I GAVE YOU EVERY RAG I COULD FIND! I GOT NO MORE RAGS! NOW, FOR GOD'S SAKE, LEAVE ME ALONE!

MRS. BARNETT WOULD HAVE RAGS FOR ME.

AFTER I FINISHED I CUMPED NEW BLOODY BODY INTO THE GRAVE AND COVERED THE WHOLE THING OVER WITH DIRT.



WELL, MAYBE I GUESS YOU KNOW WHO GOT THE LAST LAUGH NOW.

NOW I'M A GUY WITH A STRONG CONSCIENCE, SO WHAT WITH THE RAGMAN GETTIN' ME AND FANNY LAYIN' DEAD IN THE CELLAR, I COULDN'T SLEEP TONIGHT. AROUND MID-SIGHT OR SO, I HEARD A NOISE IN THE HOUSE. I GOT A BUN OUT OF MY SUITCASE AND WENT DOWNSTAIRS FOR A LOOK...



BUT YOU DO
NICE JASS!
THE CLOTHES...
OH HER?

I COULDN'T MISS
AT SUCH CLOSE
RANGE! I HIT
YOU THREE...
I CAN SEE THE
HOLES...

I LOVED HER
MR. BARRETT
I WANTED HER
TO BE HAPPY
I DIDN'T
EXPECT THAT

SHE WISHED MORE THAN I COULD
GIVE HER...SOMEONE YOUNG...
SOMEONE LIKE YOU? THAT'S
WHY I TOLD YOU ABOUT
HER MONEY? I WANTED
HER TO BE HAPPY? **DIE!**
I SHOT

I SHOT
YOU SIX
TIMES!
DIE
ALREADY!

YOU'RE NOT HUMAN! YOU'RE
NOT! THERE'S NO BLOOD!
YOU'RE NOT EVEN FLESH
AND BONE!

OF COURSE NOT.
NAME: GARRETT

HE LEAPED AT ME, WRAPPING HIS HANDS AROUND MY THROAT. FUNNY KIND OF HANDS, SOFT AND STRINGY-LIKE. HE KEPT CHOKIN' ME, CUTTIN' OFF MY AIR. I TORE AT HIS BODY, TRYIN' T' MAKE HIM LOSE HIS HOLD, AND MY HANDS CAME AWAY WITH CHUNKS OF SOFT FOLI-SMELL-

RAGE! YOU'RE NOTHING
BUT CHUCK. RAGE!

THAT'S WHY I SENT
YOU TO HER! SHE
NEEDED MORE THAN
ME! I LOVED HER....

BUT I KNOW SHE COULD
NEVER LOVE A RAGMAN!

本報地址：廣州西關第十甫路

SHE'S DISHIN' THAT RAG-TIME MUSIC,
NO DOUBT, YOUN' WELL DON'T FEEL MO!
NOW THAT YOU'RE DEAD, YOU WON'T
HAVE TO DO IT! THEY'LL DO YOU...
A GRAVE, THAT IS! WELL, KIDDIES... NEXT
TIME YOU HEAR THE OLD EXPRESSION...
"CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN"... REMEMBER
THE RAGMAN? GLO CLOTHES DIDN'T.
IN HIS CASE? WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE
SHOWELING OFF! WOULD YOU ENJOYED

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S
NEW MORDED MUCK-
WAG. WE THREE
SHOW LUNATICS WILL
SEE YOU NEXT IN
MY PUTRID PERIODICAL
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR! TILL THEN,
KEEP A STIFF...

EVERYTHING'S BORN RED AND BLACK NOW. I HEAR A FUNNY KIND OF
MUSIC IN MY HEAD AND LAUGHING. I HEAR FUNNY LAUGHING...